

# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

NO. CC.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1826.

[PRICE 2d.

## Pembroke Castle.



PENBROKE CASTLE, of which the above engraving is a fine view, is situated on a rocky eminence, at the western extremity of the town from which it derives its name. It was founded, says the bard Cadoc, of Llancaroon, by Arnulph de Montgomery, a son of the Earl of Shrewsbury, in the year 1092; it seems, however, to have received great additions in the time of Henry I., and Giraldus even refers its foundation to that period, although he acknowledges the existence of a much slighter edifice, of anterior date. During the wars with the Welsh, it was often, though fruitlessly, besieged, owing to its immense strength, and almost impregnable natural position. It was, however, attacked by Oliver Cromwell, in the time of the grand rebellion, when

it was vigorously defended by the Colonels Langhorne, Power, and Powel, who being displeased with the Parliament, declared for the King; but Cromwell, after a siege of about four months, compelled them to surrender, and afterwards dismantled the Castle.

From the period of its surrender, Pembroke Castle, owing to neglect, has gradually fallen into decay, and now presents one of the most magnificent ruins that Wales can boast of. It was originally divided into two parts, inner, and outer wards, the one comprising the keep, and state apartments, the other the buildings appropriated to the use of the garrison; there appears also to have been some very handsome apartments over the principal gateway from the town. History describes

one of these as the chamber in which Henry the Seventh was born, "in knowlege wherof, a chimmeney is new buylidyd, with the armes and badges of King *Henri the VII.*" But tradition assigns this honour to a more splendid suite, directly over that stupendous vault, called the "Wogan," which appears to be hewn out of the solid limestone upon which this fortress stands. The form of this vault approaches nearly to that of a circle, extending in diameter, seventy-six feet eight inches from north to south, and fifty-seven feet four inches from east to west. The natural cavity, which was once very large, is blocked up, and a small doorway now only remains, which appears to have been strongly barricadoed by an iron door of immense thickness. The use to which this cave was appropriated is not known, but it is generally supposed to have been a sort of depot for stores, in time of attack.

At the south-east corner, is an outlet, which is reported to communicate with Tegby; and under the bastion, in the same situation, is another very curious passage, in some parts spacious, and in others extremely narrow, the termination of which is not known. It is thought by some to penetrate under the keep, which rears its gigantic head above the surrounding towers of this noble ruin, terminating, as Leland observes, "with a rofe of stone, almost in *conum*, the toppe whereof is keverid with a flat mille stone."

We had the curiosity to ascend this venerable fabric, in the hopes of being able to trace the stone thus alluded to; but although the top is nearly in the form so described by Leland, we were disappointed with regard to the stone, which certainly does not now remain, whether time or art has had a hand in removing it, cannot at this remote period be ascertained. Four flanking towers, nearly half a mile distant from the castle, and forming a direct square, are yet partly standing, and supposed to have been the part first attacked by Cromwell.

I. C. C.

#### MULTUM IN PARVO.

(*For the Mirror.*)

LEUCIPPUS imagined the earth to be in the form of a drum; and Anaximander, who flourished n. c. 547 years, supposed it to be cylindrical.

The Spanish nobility are called *Hidalgoe*, by which we are to understand that they were descended from the ancient Gothic Christians, and not from the Moors.

The dividing of England into counties, hundreds, tythings, and parishes, is attributed to Alfred the Great.

A hundred years ago, the Inquisition reigned with greater fury in Portugal than in Spain; the Jews, who were obliged to profess Christianity, were frequently put to the torture, the inquisitors pretending that they were insincere.

There are some ruins, near Syracuse, of the palace of Dionysius, the famous Sicilian tyrant.

The knights of Malta formerly made vows of celibacy and chastity, notwithstanding every knight kept as many concubines as he pleased.

At Rotterdam, a statue of the celebrated Erasmus is shewn to travellers as a great curiosity.

The artificers of Germany are famous for making clockwork, guns, locks, &c.

The Imperial library at Vienna contains some valuable manuscripts in Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, Turkish, Armenian, and Chinese. There is also a fair manuscript of the New Testament in Greek, written above a thousand years ago, in gold letters, upon purple.

In the island of Scio was born Ion the tragic poet, Theopompus the historian, and Theocritus the sophist.

Quicksilver is sometimes found enclosed in its own mineral, sometimes fluid, and often embodied in natural cinnabar; they make use of large iron retorts to separate it from the mineral, and, by the fire and fresh water into which it falls, it is rendered fluid.

Formerly, the Grand Signior was styled, by his own people, the *shadow of God*, and disposer of all earthly crowns, &c.

The ancients held solemn festivals on the day when the Nile rose to its proper height; and numberless canals were opened in order to convey the water to all parts of the country.

At the Cape of Good Hope, an elephant being yoked to a ship, drew it with great ease along the strand.

Paper was first made from *rush papyrus*, which grows on the banks of the Nile.

St. John wrote the Revelations in the Isle of Patmos, A. D. 95.

The statues of Phidias and Praxiteles were so imimitably executed, that the people of Paros adored them as *living* gods.

Mahomet the Second cut off the head of his favourite mistress, to please his janizaries.

N. W. F.

## GUILT AND INNOCENCE.

(For the Mirror.)

On the north side of Bethnal Green stands Bishop Bonner's palace, which is at present divided into several dwellings; one consists of a seminary for young ladies, called " Bonner's Hall," the inmates of which are free from crimes, and their innocent pursuits may in some degree cleanse the building from the foul stain which formerly tainted its walls. Facing the school are a few fields, with an avenue of trees, under which (tradition says) Bonner caused some of his protestant victims to be burnt. The buildings lately erected in this neighbourhood have nearly reached this spot, and perhaps in a few months the builders will " *Usurp this land, and dispossess the swain;* " and the shuttle of the industrious weaver will be heard in the place, whence emanated the terrific mandates of persecution. Edmund Bonner was an English prelate of detestable memory: he died in the Marshalsea prison, (where he was committed upon the accession of Queen Elizabeth) Sept. 5, 1569, and was buried at midnight, in St. George's church-yard, Southwark, lest any indignities should be offered to his remains by the incensed populace.

P. T. W.

## FEMALE FASHIONS DURING THE EARLY PART OF THE LAST CENTURY.

(For the Mirror.)

THE habits of the English *beau monde* underwent many revolutions within a few years. They, like the French, from whom they obtained their newest modes of fashion, were as Bloomfield says,

" — ever roving, ever seeking thee,  
Enchanting spirit—dear variety!"

The English gentlemen were no less *fashionable* than the ladies in adopting the newest fashions of their neighbours, the French, whom De Witt tells us, they laughed at for their pains. However, as I do not intend to enter into a description of the dress of the English gentlemen here, that being intended for another opportunity, I shall without further delay confine myself to the ladies, for whom I wish it to be explicitly understood, I have a most tender regard.

In the reigns of Charles II. and James II. the ladies adorned their hair with knots of flowers, jewels, and ribbons, or something in imitation of them. About the time king William mounted the throne of England, they began to cover their heads with commodes, setting them

upright, so that they were in shape and dimensions, something like a grenadier's cap, which made their faces appear of a monstrous length. In a few years, however, these heads were dropped down and planted horizontally, so that the ladies' faces were again reduced to their natural round or oval form. The young ladies were extremely fond of long, and sometimes short, ruffled mobs.

At the time the statue of queen Anne was placed before St. Paul's, the women's coats began to advance to a vast circumference, their hoops being wide at bottom, and rather smaller upwards; the lady appearing, when dressed, not much unlike a cone or extinguisher. But these hoops occasioned a great expense of rich silks, which were usually foreign. From round hoops the ladies proceeded to wear them perfectly flat; when their persons resembled a reversed fan. The portraits by Sir Peter Lely, and Sir Godfrey Kneller, afford excellent specimens of the costume of this period. Indeed, those eminent artists paid so much attention to all the *minutiae* of their various models, that further description here would be superfluous. The paintings alluded to still grace the collections of the curious, and, from their singular appearance, are well worthy of attention.

About the year 1740, the ladies wore hoops of fifteen or sixteen feet in circumference at bottom, and nearly the same on the top. Over the hoops they had fly-coats, (as they were then termed,) and under them white dimity petticoats fringed at the bottom, as they were fifty years previous. The stays were not so stiff at this time as they were in king William's reign; the ladies gave themselves more ease, and, consequently appeared much more agreeable to the eye of the spectator. Above all they wore a rich gown and petticoat; also a richly ornamented stomacher, which reached down the stays to the waist. Crosses of diamonds were suspended from the necks of some. The ladies, young and old, wore their own hair turned back upon a pad; and when they were dressed they wore Dutch heads, or round caps with lappets, which were adorned with flowers and ribbons of various colours. Three pair of deep double ruffles graced their fair arms, with bunches of coloured ribbons between. White stockings and plain damask shoes were generally worn. Instead of scarfs, gauze capuchins were adopted, of several colours, during the fine summer months.

Beautiful teeth were much admired, though they seldom fell to the share of a southern female of quality; and what greatly discomposed our ladies was, that

a fine set of teeth was frequently to be met with among the peasants of Scotland, who, though they were regardless of personal beauties, were envied by their affluent neighbours.

At this period, nothing was more admired among the ladies than a pale complexion, adorned with jet black hair; and nothing was held in such little estimation as golden locks, although such hair is generally attended with the most fascinating countenances.

#### PRINCIPAL TINTS COMPOSED FROM THE COLOURS USED IN PAINTING.

(*For the Mirror.*)

*Light red tint* is only a mixture of light red and flake white. It is superior to any other gradation for the general ground of the flesh; but, as it becomes darker by time, it should be improved by mixing a small quantity of vermillion with it while you are at work.

*Vermilion tint* is simply vermillion and flake white, mixed to a middle degree. It is the most brilliant light red that can be made, and it agrees best with the fine yellow tints.

*Carmine* is seldom used by our modern painters; when it is adopted, it is mixed with flake white only.

*Rose tint*, (the usual substitute for carmine) is composed of madder lake and white, mixed to a middle degree. It is the most delicate gradation used in painting flesh, as it clears all the heavy tints, and brings them to a beautiful transparency.

*Yellow tint* is frequently made of Naples yellow and flake white, but as the raw ochre and white make a very agreeable tint, it is used rather sparingly. The yellow tints and the light reds should be invariably laid on the picture before the blues.

*Lead tint* is made of ivory black and flake white, mixed to a middle degree. It is a fine retiring colour, and is of much use in all the various gradations.

*Blue tint* is made of ultramarine and flake white, mixed to a beautiful azure colour; and it is used to blend the gradations. Over the yellow tints it produces the finest verditer greens, and with the red ones is productive of the golden and purple tints.

*Green tint* is usually made of Prussian blue, raw ochre, and flake white. It must be used very sparingly in the middle gradations, otherwise it will produce a most disagreeable effect.

*Red shade* is nothing more than lake

and Indian red. It is a fine working colour, and glazes excellently.

*Red tint* is made with calcined Terra de Sienna and Venetian red; and is a good glazer.

*Shade tint* is a compound of ivory black, Indian red, lake, and white. When properly mixed, it becomes of a charming murrey colour, of the middle degree. As all the four colours of its composition are of a sympathizing nature, it may very easily be changed by the addition of any other pigment.

*Warm shade* is made of Vandyke brown and lake, mixed to a middle degree. Take particular care that it does not touch the lights, as it will render them of a very unpleasant colour.

*The darkest shade* is produced by mixing ivory black and a small portion of Indian red together. This mixes excellently with the *red shade*, and blends very agreeably with the middle gradations. It must be used for glazing the eyebrows, hair, &c.

These tints are exclusively confined to portraits, historical subjects, &c.

#### FOR PAINTING LANDSCAPES.

The colours for a landscape are the same as those used in the other classes of oil painting, with the addition of other pigments. The principal tints are as follow:—

Raw ochre mixed with white; Prussian blue, raw ochre, and white, mixed together; raw Terra de Sienna and Prussian blue; the same tint mixed to a darker degree; terreverte and Antwerp blue; brown pink and burnt ochre; Indian red and white; ivory black, Indian red, and lake, compose the darkest shade. The colours and tints for painting the sky are flake white, a tint of vermillion, lake, and Venetian red, mixed together with white, and occasionally a tint made of king's yellow for the highest lights. Cologne earth mixed with a little black and white, will produce an excellent tint for a stormy sky. The blues, generally used by landscape painters, are ultramarine and the finest Prussian blue. The tints and gradations made from these fine pigments should be of a beautiful azure, while the warm tints ought agreeably to harmonize with them.

G. W. N.

#### ELECTIONEERING DURING THE COMMONWEALTH.

(*To the Editor of the Mirror.*)

SIR.—That particular period of our history to which you have lately directed the attention of your readers may receive

an amusing illustration from the following speeches delivered at an election for the county of Bucks, on the 2nd of August, 1649. It will shew that bribery and treating was practised by our forefathers without much scruple, even in the *scrupulous* times of the commonwealth. The successful candidate was Philip Herbert, Lord Pembroke; his opponent, "a well affected tanner of the county of Bucks."

I am, Sir, &c.

N. D. B.

**THE TANNER.**—"Honest friends, you that are of the free born people of this land (I speak to none else), and lovers of the army and the true English interest; all men else have forfeited their freedoms. I am full of anguish and trouble for your sakes when I behold this day. I fear you are in a way to ruin yourselves, unless the Lord be merciful unto you. The thing you meet for troubles me not a little. 'Tis to choose a knight. Truly I hoped, and I hope we all hoped, to have done making knights by this time. The thing you meet to choose troubles me more. This fellow that was a lord—this Pembroke—this Montgomery—this Herbert—this, what shall I call him? call him what you will, we were promised a representative to begin on June next, and this Parliament to end the last month; if so, why should we send this fellow thither to make mouths for three weeks, and talk of dogs and hawks? I say, let us have the representative, or we are cheated; but if we must make one knight more, let it not be Pembroke—he is not fit for it. Consider him as a lord, and some of the wisest lords neither; and then consider how many wiser and fitter persons we have for Parliament men than ever a lord of them all; and what a brand it will be to us and to our country to choose a lord—such a lord! and surely, unless you are fools or madmen, you will not choose him. Again, consider him as a lord; and so he is no free born commoner, and so not capable of our election. Is there not an act against kings and lords? if there is, then let us have no lords, unless you intend to have a king too. Let us be wise; we may see a design in this lord as plain as the nose on his face. He was always false; false to the king that loved him; false to the lords that sat eight years with him; and do you not think he will be false to the Commons too? I warrant you. Is not Michael Oldisworth, this lords' man, a parliament man? are not his and other lords' sons parliament men. If he get in too, the time will come when the House of Commons will be all lords and lords' sons and lords' servants; and then lords will

be voted up again, and kings be in request again, which, if we live to see again, we have spun a fair thread! If all this which I have said be true (as it is impossible it should be otherwise), why should we not look on this turncoat lord as a cheat, as one that comes to betray and undo the free-born people, and switch him out of the country? I have done. If we must choose a knight, let him not be a lord. We do not read in all Scripture of any lord who was ever chosen knight of the shire for Berkshire; but rather let us choose none at all, and unanimously petition the Parliament to dissolve, that the representative may succeed, and none but ourselves have any share in the gubernation and government of this commonwealth."

Pembroke's reply is highly amusing for its arch drollery and bluntness:—

"Gentlemen, it was not the old fashion to make speeches before you chose your knights; but I hope you like it the better for not being old. I am sure I do. Give us old fashions again, and we must have kings and lords, our old religion, and old laws, and a hundred things older than Adam. I hate anything that's old, except it be an old man; for Adam was an old man and so am I, and I hate myself for being an old man; and, therefore, will love you, if you'll make me a new knight. The gentleman that spoke before me, I know not where to have him; he is an *individuum vagum*; he is angry the representative goes not on; he is angry the Parliament goes not off; he is angry I am a lord; he is angry I would be none; he is angry I seek to be your knight; and he would have me of that sort of seekers which neither seek nor find; and he concludes I am not to be chosen, because no free born commoner. I fear he is a Jesuit by his subtle arguments; but though I have no logic, I hope I have reason, to answer him and satisfy you. I answer, *I am a free born commoner*; all these three words fit met First, I am 'born,' else how came I into the world? I am 'free,' my accounts for the last year's expense came to six and twenty thousand pounds—that's fair, you'll say; and when you have chosen me your knight, I'll carry you, every mother's son, the whole county, into Wiltshire, and we'll be merry, hunt, and hawk, and I'll be as free as an emperor; so I am free born. I am a 'commoner,' have I been so often at common councils and common halls to be accounted no commoner? are not the lords all turned a grazing? was not I a common swearer before I went to lectures, and a common sleeper ever since? and am not

I chancellor of Oxford, where all are commoners? so I am a commoner. I am no lord; if I am, why should I come hither to be knight of your shire? but though I am a lord, is not Fairfax so? and yet he is a Parliament man. And is not Bradshaw lord president? but I am no lord, for I am for the Parliament. I am for voting down the House of Lords; and, to tell you the truth, I never loved the king since he was dead; and those are lords that go in black for him; but I keep my old blue still, and my diamond hat-band, though the crown jewels are sold; therefore you may choose me well enough. You must choose me; why came I hither else? why did Cromwell bid me come hither? and I bid my steward come hither to lay in provision and gather voices. If my steward's bill be right, every throat that votes for me costs me twenty pounds. Choose me, if you would have a representative. I that have been lord of Pembroke and Montgomery, two counties, may well represent one. Choose me if you would have no representative, for I'll do and vote what you list; and so, choosing me, you choose yourselves; so that whether you would have a representative or no, the best way is to choose me. But let me tell you by the way, now the Parliament has fallen into the happy way of making acts of Parliament, let them continue; this is one of the advantages you have by losing the king. You may have an act of Parliament for what you please; and that's better than an ordinance, and lasts longer; for an ordinance of Parliament was good no longer than this Parliament, which, though it last for ever, an act lasts longer, because that lasts for ever, whether the Parliament lasts or no. Now for my religion; who questions it? I never changed; I was for bishops when there were bishops, and I was for visitors when there were none. It is well known I am an Independent, and had been so twenty years ago, had it not been for Michael Oldsworth, and will be as long as the Parliament please. I have been an old courtier, and that's an old court, and the highest court; and old courtiers always love to follow new fashions. That religion is in fashion now. I am chancellor of Oxford, which is hard by; therefore choose me. Some of you have sons and cousins there; all that are akin to any that give their voices for me, shall be heads of colleges and canons of Christ-church, though there be a hundred of them; the rest of you shall have the leases of all the university lands amongst you. What I am I not chancellor? The place I stand for is knight of the shire;

none but kings can make knights; make me your knight; you are all kings, and it will be an honour to me, and to my posterity, to have it recorded, I was the first lord that was knighted by so many kings. I know you cannot but choose me; I knew so before I came hither; and, therefore, I thank you before hand, and invite you home. I will conclude with that very exordium wherewith a famous gentleman that was of this Parliament concluded his speech upon the like occasion, 'Behold your knight!'

The Parliament here alluded to was the famous long Parliament who beheaded their king, voted the House of Lords to be useless and dangerous, and only left them the privilege of being elected members of Parliament in common with other subjects, which privilege was embraced by only a very small number of them.

#### MISSOLONGHI; OR, THE TURKISH MASSACRE.

(*For the Mirror.*)

"*Missolonghi has fallen!*" the Turk butchers cry,

"*Missolonghi!* to trumpet the *Christian* loss!

Hail, *Muselman!* hail! raise your scimitars high,

The *Greek* rebel trembles! and down is the cross!"

Stop, infidels, stop! there's a voice to be heard, There's a soul in the *Greek* that your threats can despise;

The cross has not fallen—no! perish the word, There's a sword in it yet that your helldes!

Hot *Egypt* deals slaughter through *treachery's* spring,

Her reptiles have swarm'd from the *Nile's* oozy mud;

But *Greece*, like an eagle on *Liberty's* wing, Still soars!—and will blazon her crest with your blood!

The pale sons of *Mahomet* paler will turn, Ere *tyranny* fixes its standard in *Greece*; Each heart that is there be enclos'd in an urn, Ere it makes with the scourge of the *Ottoman* peace.

The vile *renegado* may stoop to the slave, His freedom, his country ingloriously sell; The dastard has only the scorn of the brave, And sinks like a viper down, down to his hell!

"Rise, heroes of *Greece*!" *Missolonghi* exclaims,

"The death-sag of *Mahomet* waves o'er your walls!

*Your children are murder'd!*—*your castles in flames!*

And the cross for revenge, death, and chivalry calls."

Utopia.

## ON DREAMS.

*Translated from an extremely scarce Latin work of Peter Molinæi Vates.*

(For the Mirror.)

[This translation is not intended to afford food for the superstitious, but as *mor-  
ceau* for the curious in literature.—  
TRANSLATOR.]

DREAMS of nuptials are considered to portend a funeral. The extraction of a firm and sound tooth signifies the loss of a near and dear friend ; but if the tooth should be decayed and painful, this dream promises deliverance from a secret and deadly enemy. If such firmly built things as a house or city appear to be shaken, it is an omen of exile or commotion in the state. Two candles signify branches of friendship and dissensions. Dreams of hares signify flight ; of dogs, quarrels ; of sheep, wealth, unless they should be shorn or diseased ; the crowing of a cock denotes victory, unless any one should interrupt it, then it is an omen that the victory, which was on the eve of being obtained, will be lost. The rising sun denotes increase of wealth and splendour ; the setting sun the contrary. A dream of the full moon is one of very bad omen, for it signifies that immediate misfortunes and decrease of greatness will follow. Dreams of the eclipse of sun or moon predict an intermission of prosperity, but that it will again return. Whoever dreams that his hair is pulled, it is a warning that something will happen, by which his pride will have a fall. The loss of a hat has at one time been interpreted as an omen of disgrace, at another as a protection from some injury ; but the loss of a cloak, &c. is a sure sign that poverty will succeed to wealth. To dream that the pillow is dragged from our bed, signifies that something will happen by which our rest will be disturbed.

Whoever dreams that he is smoking tobacco, has a warning that he will turn his wealth into smoke. The best omened dreams are those in which the dreamer fancies himself carried gently through the air, for they foretel increase of dignity or a happy death. To dream that handsome shoes are presented by a friend, is a warning of timely flight ; but if any one in his sleep searches for boots or shoes without finding them, it foretels that when in great danger he will be prevented from escaping. Whoever dreams that some one puts a jester's cloak on him, or covers his face with flour, a mask, &c. must be cautious lest a more cunning man than himself should deceive him, and then

laugh at his simplicity. A dream in which a person seems to follow a cross in some public procession, is a signification that he will be persecuted on account of his religion. If any one dreams of a violent knocking at his doors, or that his ear is pulled, it is a warning of approaching death, or of the impending judgment of God, and of God knocking at the door of his conscience. If a man dreams that he is dead, it is not an omen of his death, because whoever dreams that he is dead, also dreams that he sees or speaks after his death ; but to dream that our curtains are drawn aside by a man lately dead, is an intimation of the death of some near relation.

A man having dreamt that an egg was buried beneath his bed, went to consult a conjuror, who told him there was a treasure concealed under his bed. The man dug and discovered a quantity of silver, in the middle of which there was gold. He ran in ecstacies to the conjuror, offering some pieces of silver as a reward ; upon which the conjuror said, " Do you give me none of the yolk of the egg ?" meaning that he expected some of the gold also. This dream is related by Cicero, " De Divinatione," libro primo ; also by Valerius Maximus.

The dream of Guntramnus, king of the Franks, is very remarkable. This good king, who was passionately fond of hunting, having one day separated from the whole of his train except one servant ; and night coming on, while in the midst of a thick wood, he sat down on the bank of a stream, and being extremely weary, fell asleep on the bosom of his servant. The servant keeping watch, and having his eyes steadfastly fixed on the countenance of his master, he saw a very small animal of the lizard species issue from the mouth of the king, and make for the stream, which it seemed anxious to pass ; then the servant, stretching out his sword, formed a sort of bridge, over which the reptile passed ; and having entered a cave at the foot of the mountain opposite, remained there a few minutes, and then coming out, passed over the same bridge, and entered again into the mouth of the king, who just then awaking, said, he had dreamt that he passed over an iron bridge, and having entered a cave, found there a vast heap of riches. Then the servant having related what he had witnessed, they both entered the cave by the way the beast had pointed out, and found there a great treasure. This dream is related by Nicolaus Aegidius, &c.

GULIELMUS OF KENSINGTON.

## Scientific Amusements.

No. XII.

*Method of obtaining flowers of different colours on the same stem.*

SPLIT a small twig of the elder bush lengthways, and having scooped out the pith, fill each of the compartments with seeds of flowers of different sorts, but which blossom about the same time; surround them with mould, and then tying together the two bits of wood, plant the whole in a pot filled with earth properly prepared. The stems of the different flowers will thus be so incorporated as to exhibit to the eye only one stem, throwing out branches covered with flowers analogous to the seed which produced them.

*To make Phosphorus Match Bottles.*

Drop small pieces of dry phosphorus into a common phial; gently heat it till it melts, and then turn the bottle round that it may adhere to the sides. The phial should be closely corked, and when used a common brimstone match is to be introduced and rubbed against the sides of the phial, this inflames the match when it is brought out of the phial.

*To melt Iron in a moment.*

BRING a bar of iron to a white heat, and then apply to it a roll of sulphur, the iron will instantly melt and run into drops.

*To extract the Silver out of a Ring that is thickly gilded, so that the gold may remain entire.*

TAKK a silver ring that is thickly gilded, make a little hole through the gold into the silver; then put the ring into aqua-forts, in a warm place; it will dissolve the silver, and the gold will remain entire.

*To write on Paper with Letters of Gold.*

PUT some gum-arabic into common writing ink, and write with it in the usual way, when the writing is dry breathe on it, the warmth and moisture softens the gum, and will cause it to fasten on the gold leaf, which may be laid on in the usual way, and the superfluous part brushed off.

T. L.

SPIRIT OF THE  
Public Journals.

DIRECTIONS FOR DINING OUT.

WHEN the party is large, adopt the following advice, and you may be far from unhappy, although one of twenty-four. Look out for a dish neither illustrious nor obscure—a dish of unpretending modest merit, which may be overlooked by the greedy multitude, and which the mite of judgment can alone deserve—a dish of decent dimensions, and finding, although not seeking, concealment under the dazzle of the overgrown dish rather broad than high—a dish which thus but one of many, and in its unambitious humbleness almost lost in the crowd, might nevertheless be in its single self a dinner to a man and his wife at the guestless board—select, we say, such a dish—if such a dish there be—and dare in your chair quietly opposite to it, however ugly may be the women on either side of you, yes even if the lady of the house insist on your sitting higher up the table. Be absolute and determined—your legs are under the mahogany—do not—pay a compliment to the famous dear on your right hand, and to the so less alarming spinster on the left—and, without any thoughts of soup or fish, help yourself plentifully, but carelessly, to your own chosen dish, and *Da Capo*. Don't betray yourself by any overbold demonstrations of delight, but, if possible, eat with an air of indifference and non-chalance. Lay down your knife and fork now and then, if you can bring your mind to submit to a moment's delay, and look about you with a smile, as if dedicated to agreeable conversation, badinage, and repartees. Should any one suspect your doings, and ask what is this dish before you, shake your head, and make a face, putting your hand at the same time to your stomach, and then, with a mischievous eye, offering to send some of the nameless stew. All this time there are people at the table who have not had a morsel, and whom you see crumbling down their bread to appease the cravings of hunger. You have laid a famous foundation for any superstructure you may be pleased at your leisure to erect—have drank wine with both fair supporters—and Peebles ale with the Baillie—are in a mood to say witty things, and say them accordingly—and in the gladness of your heart, offer to carve a sinewy old fowl, safely situated two covers off, and who, when taken in hand by the gentleman to whom he of right be-

long, will be found to be a tougher job than the dismemberment of Poland.

Conceive it so that you are done, on stolen entrance of the goose. Catch mine host's eye at that critical moment, and you secure the first hot slice, while the apple-sauce seems absolutely to simmer. Do not scruple to say, that you have been waiting for the goose, for by that egregious lie you will get double allowance. Publick attention, too, being thus directed to the waiter who holds your plate, he must deliver it safe up into your hands, and all attempts to interrupt it in its progress prove abortive. Having thus the start in goose, you come in early for macaroni-tarts and puddings—and as we suppose you to have a steady, not a conscious appetite, why, after cheese, which like hope comes to all, we really see no reason to doubt your having made a very tolerable dinner.

But perhaps you have got yourself so engrossed in the drawing-room with a woman with a long train and a bunch of her feathers, that you cannot choose your position, and are forced to sit down like a ham. An argument arises whether it be Westmoreland, Dumfries-shire, or Westphalia, and every person present expresses a determination to bring the point to the decision of the palate. Instantly aver, with a face of blushing confusion, that you would not attempt to haggle such a ham for worlds—that in only life you were little accustomed to carving, having lived with a minister of small stipend and low board, who on meat days always cut up the hough himself, so that he had never sent out an even tolerable carver from the manse. If that sort of excuse won't do, down with the middle finger of your right hand, and holding it out pitifully, exhibit the effect of tempestuous cramp or permanent rheumatism. Should neither expedient occur or be plausible, then on with a determined countenance, a bold eye, and a gruff voice, and declare that you took an oath, many years ago, "never to help a ham," which you have religiously kept through good report and bad report, and which it would be, indeed, most culpable weakness in you to break, now that your raven locks are beginning to be silvered with the insidious grey. Then tell the waiter who is like a minister, to take the ham to Mr. Drysdale, or Mr. Dempster, two of the best carvers in existence, for that it does a man's heart good to see the dexterity with which they dislodge at the festive board. You thus avoid an evil under which many a better man has sunk, and can turn unshackled to serious eating.

In good truth, much as we admire the

noble art of carving, it is the very last we should wish to possess in our own person. To be called on for a song is nothing—you can have your revenge on him who asks it by inflicting the torment in return, and on the whole company by bellowing like a bull in a mountainous region. But the celebrated carver is at the mercy of every stomach. Orders come showering in upon him faster than he can supply them; the company behave towards him like boys following each other on a slide, at what they call "keeping the pie warm." No sooner are his weapons down, than they are up again; particular cuts are politely, and even flatteringly insinuated. Ladies eat ham who never ate ham before, only that they may admire the delicate transparency:—well-known eating characters change plates upon him, that they may not appear to have been helped before;—and the lady of the house simpers with a sweet voice, "Now, Mr. Dempster, that you have helped everybody so expeditiously, and with such graceful skill, may I solicit a specimen, the slightest possible specimen, of your handy-work?" Like the last rose of summer, the penultimate fat forsakes the shank to melt in the mouth of Mrs. Halliburton; and on the great question of "whether Westmoreland, Dumfries-shire, or Westphalia," Mr. Dempster gives no vote, for he has tasted only half a small mouthful of the brown, as sweet as sugar, and more like vegetable than animal matter.

Perhaps, therefore, on entering into private life, a young man had better let it be generally diffused that he is no carver. In that case he must take his chance of the cut-and-come-again, and will have the good sense to carve cautiously, awkwardly, and clumsily, that he may not acquire a good character. Ere long it will be said of him by some friend, to whom thenceforth he owes a family dinner once a-month, that Tom Hastic is a wretched carver. To the truth of this apothegm, Tom bows acquiescence; and difficult dishes are actually removed from before him, lest he should mar their fair proportions, and leave them in shapeless ruin. In a few years, go where he will, he is never asked to carve anything beyond a haggis; and thus the whole precious dinner-time is left open for uninterrupted stuffing. Once or twice, in a period of ten years, he insists on being suffered to undertake the goose, when he makes a leg spin among the array on the sideboard, and drenches many ladies in a shower of gravy. On the credit of which exploit he escapes carving for an indefinite number of years; for it is amazing

how a catastrophe of that kind is handed down and around by oral tradition, till it finally becomes part of national history. The stain is thought even to affect the blood; and it is believed that there never was, and never will be, a carver among the Hastes.

But should the principles now laid down not be fortunate enough to meet the approbation of the reader, and should he, in the face of those principles, determine to become himself, and to make his son—a carver,—then we trust he will listen to us, and, as he values his reputation, learn to carve quickly. Of all the pests, curses of civilized society, your slow carver is at the head. He eyes the leg of mutton, or round of beef, or goose, or turkey, as if he had not made up his mind as to the name and nature of the animal. Then he suspects the knife, and shakes his head at the edge, although sharp as a razor. He next goes through the positions, as if he were cunning of fence; when observing that he has forgotten to elevate the guard, he lays down the knife, and sets the fork to rights with an air of majesty only possible under a monarchial government. But where shall we begin? That is a momentous affair, not so readily settled as you may think; for a carver of such exquisite skill and discretion may commence operations in any one of fifty different ways, and he remains bewildered among thick-coming fancies. However, let him be begun by hypothesis. He draws the knife along as leisurely as if he were dissecting the live body of his mistress, to cure some complaint of a dainty limb. It takes a minute of precious time to bring the slice (but a small one) from jigot to plate, and then he keeps fiddling among the gravy for at least a minute more, till the patience of Job, had he witnessed such dilatory cutting up, would have been totally exhausted. Neither will he let the plate go till the waiter has assured him that he understands for whom it is intended, the fortunate man's name, age, and profession, and probably the colour of his own hair or a wig. He then draws his breath, and asks for small beer. Heaven and earth, only one man has yet been muttoned! Had we held the knife, even we, who blush not to own that we are in some respects the worst carver in Europe, (*credat Judaeus Apella,*) half-a-dozen pair of jaws would now have been put into full employment. Yet all the while our tardy friend chuckles over his skill in carving, and were you to hint, during the first course, that he was neither an Eclipse nor a Childers, he would regard you with a sardonic smile

of ineffable contempt. True it is, however, that although in the upper circles people are careful not to express their sentiments too plainly, he is the object of curses not loud but deep; and that, however he may be respected as a man, as a carver he is damned.

Akin to the subject we have now been treating, or rather throwing out hints to be expanded by future writers of a more luminous character, is the habit which some people avowing the Christian faith exhibit—of asking for particular bits, which happen to be favourites with their palate and stomach. This is not merely bad manners, but most iniquitous morals. How the devil do they know that the self-same bits are not the soul's delight of many other of their Christian brethren, then and there assembled together? How dare men who have been baptized, and go to church even when it is known that their own clergyman is to preach, expose thus the gross greed and gluttony of their unregenerated bowels? The man does not at this hour live, privileged to advance such a claim. We should not have granted it to him who invented the spade or the plough—the art of printing—gunpowder—or the steam-engine. Yet you will hear it acted upon by prigs and coxcombs, who at home dine three days a-week on tripe, and the other three on lights and liver, (men of pluck,) while their Sunday rejoices in cheese and bread, and an onion.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

#### FANNY'S BIRTH-DAY.

Or a' the flowers that deck the grove,  
When spring's sweet tide does fa',  
The snaw-drap is the flower I love,  
It blooms afore them a'.

It blooms afore them a' to cheer  
My basic' natal day;

When ilk a thing is sad and drear,

The snaw-drap blossoms gay.

Sing hey, the bonnie snaw-drap, O!

Bright sparklin' wi' the dew-drap, O!

Fairest, purest flower of any,

Emblem o' my winsome Fanny.

Of a' the birdies that unite  
Their sweet notes i' the spring,

The thrush is my heart's delight,

For he's the first to sing.

For he was the first to sing his lay

O' welcome to the year,

When Fanny smiled upon the day,

Wi' e'en aye blue and clear.

Sing hey, the bonnie thrush, O!

Fu' safty may he nestle, O!

For his note, sae blithe and cannie,

Sang the first salute to Fanny.

Of a' the calmer winds that blaw,

The west wind is maist dear;

His breath it thawes the winter snaw,

And opens the smiling year.

It opens the smiling year, and breaks  
Auld Winter's icy chain;  
And nature frae her slumber wakes  
To hale that day again.  
Sing hey, the gentle zephyr, O !  
Breathe ye saftly ever, O !  
On the day sae dear to many,  
Birth-day o' my lovely Fanny.  
Then welcome, pleasant western gales !  
And welcome shaw-drap's flowers !  
And welcome, throstle's sang that hails  
Dull February's hours !  
Oye, they're a' to me fu' dear,  
That mind me o' the time,  
When Fanny wins another year,  
To deck her maiden prime.  
Sing hey, the tide o' February !  
Aften druarie, wat and dreary !  
But I loo it best of any—  
'Tis the birth month o' my Fanny.  
*Metropolitan Quarterly Magazine.*

## FORESIGHT.

A LETTER from the Isle of France, quoted in a Calcutta paper, gives the following particulars of a species of *foresight* for which this island is celebrated:—

"In my next letter I must tell you of the abilities of some few here to discover ships some days before they appear above the horizon. You may remember the phenomenon having been noticed some time ago in a voyage in the Northern Ocean; I forget the name of both the ship and the captain" on that occasion: but the ship appears in the air inverted, and of course the appearance is accounted for on the common theory of reflection. It is, however, peculiar to certain situations, or at least certain latitudes. One of the men at this place was invited to Paris by the Institute, but he could not observe the same appearance there, and came back. He here makes a daily report, and is rarely out. He has been known to announce a ship dismasted for five days before any other person could discover her (the *Dunira*, Chinaman); and among many other incontrovertible proofs, he not long ago announced the approach of two brigs unaccountably lashed together; in three days after a ship with four masts made its appearance, a thing that had not been seen for twelve years before. There are two old men that have the skill to discern very accurately, but they have many pupils whom they are teaching, and who can see the objects, though they cannot yet perceive distinctly the particular characters of them."—*Asiatic Journal*.

\* Captain Scoresby.—Ed. A. J.

## GREEK SAILORS.

THE discipline observed on board the Greek vessels was very strict. The crews

are much less boisterous and noisy than those of European merchantmen, or ships of war; and a silence prevailed on board that was interrupted only by the orders of either the pilot or first-lieutenant. These orders were generally given in a very civil tone, while an European vessel seems as if it could be managed only by means of oaths and threats; in this respect, therefore, we who affect to consider ourselves more polished, might take an useful lesson from the half-barbarian Greeks. As soon as the order, or whistle, is heard, it is obeyed with the utmost celerity. In furling or unfurling the sails, the men swing themselves across the yards with astonishing dexterity. They very seldom run up the shrouds, but catch hold of a rope, by which they ascend and descend with the swiftness of lightning. I once saw a Greek sailor dancing upon the end of one the yards in a manner truly miraculous, without having hold of any of the rigging by his hands, until he suddenly fell overboard, as I and some others had anticipated that he must. No time was lost in attempting to rescue him, but in vain, as no trace of him could be discovered. But while we were regretting his fate, we perceived him, as suddenly, dancing at the further end of the deck; for it seems that he had not slipped off, but thrown himself purposely into the sea, and had swam to a considerable distance under water. This sportive freak recalled to my mind the dexterity of the ancient Greeks in diving, when during the siege of Syracuse, the Athenians swam under water, and sawed away the piles with which the mouth of the harbour had been blocked up.

As soon as they had performed whatever they had to do on deck, the sailors generally retired in' to their births in cabins, both at the head, or in the middle of the vessel. There, after making a repast off a few olives and a little wine, they would sing in a tone that was sufficient to distract one's ears.

Yet harsh and unmusical as these concerts were, there was much order observed in them. One of the company, who served as a leader to the rest, commenced the song, in which, after a certain time, he was joined by his companions; when, instead of proceeding with any regard to harmony, he would raise his voice by octaves, till he had reached an astonishing height; and continued at this pitch until it seemed as if his lungs would actually burst. This amusement generally lasted until they were summoned

† All the voices of Greek men, which I heard, were high tenors, which may be ascribed in a great measure to the mildness of the climate.

again on deck, or until they renewed their attack on the olives.

Dissonant as their singing appeared to us, ours is no less disagreeable to them ; and whenever I and my companions attempted to sing, they would listen for a while with attention, but long before we finished would make signs of disgust, and never endure to hear us out ; and as soon as we stopped would resume their own singing, either with the view of correcting our bad taste, or to rid themselves of the impression our music had left on their auditory nerves. I rather suspect that the latter was the case, for they were uniformly very unassuming and shy in their conduct towards us, seldom seeking our society, yet whenever they did, behaving with much friendliness and courtesy ; although with a certain air of pride that could not be mistaken, as it manifested itself in every feature. They seemed by no means disposed to cultivate any familiarity with us Philhellenists, but generally withdrew to their cabins ; however, they would leave the door open, and if any of us looked in to observe them, would still continue their conversation, casting every now and then a look of inquiry towards the intruder ; and if he did not retire they would then invite him to drink, but in such a manner that it was evident they would have preferred his absence. Playing on the guitar was another of their recreations. This instrument was small and strong, with three steel wires, upon which they played with a quill, running up and down in an irregular manner, yet with evident marks of delight, and beating time with their feet. As they continued, so would their enthusiasm gradually increase, until at length they seemed like possessed people ; nor was it possible to discover any resemblance to tune or melody in this horrible kind of music, which, however, accorded extremely well with their singing. I was afterwards induced to believe that the music of the Greek sailors is certainly national, but much debased by them ; for in the islands of the Archipelago, particularly Naxos and Timos, I found the same kind of both instrumental and vocal music, yet with a rhythm and melody truly original. I could there understand the words ; and the music itself, singular as it was, had something far from unpleasing in it ; although it must be confessed that it was greatly disfigured by their loud cries.—*European Magazine.*

#### FREYBURG.

We breakfasted at an excellent inn in Freyburg, a nice old town in a most

lovely situation : we were regaled with all sorts of good things and with fine fruit ; the apples were the most beautiful I ever saw ; they were a study for a painter ; and explained, and almost excused, the temptation and the weakness of Eve. The streets are good, and were filled chiefly with women ; it was market day—the market was so crowded that we could hardly make our way through it : we saw many good-looking girls, with fine figures and most agreeable countenances.

The exterior of the cathedral is striking ; the spire beautiful, the lightest and most airy structure I ever beheld. The interior is handsome, and darkened by rich stained glass in great plenty. The altarpiece, the Assumption of the Virgin, by Holbein, is a curious and highly finished picture. We ascended the tower and came to a platform, covered, or rather shaded, by a sort of stone bird-cage, a polygonal lantern of open work, surmounted by a fine extinguisher or pyramid of the same material. It is somewhat rough, and polluted by the jack-daws ; if it were executed in white marble, with a mosaic pavement, and unpolluted, it would be a place into which angels and winged genii would fly and rest themselves. We next ascended to the top of the lantern by an open staircase ; there is a gallery at the top of this, at the foot of the spire, from which the view is magical ; the country is a perfect Paradise ; the folds of the mountains are beautiful, fine vineyards and fruit trees on all sides ; it must be a most desirable spot for a short retirement, with books, and the best and smallest society.—*London Magazine.*

#### PAPAL THEATRICALS.

A LETTER from Rome, dated April 12, contains the following regulations of the theatre there :—

A new ordinance for the theatres has just been published, which plainly shows how little the government desires to encourage the dramatic art, and how much it wishes that the superior class should amuse themselves in some other way. The following are some of the articles of this ordinance :—The performances shall not begin later than nine o'clock, and end at half-past eleven, except on Thursdays, when they may continue till twelve. Only a certain number of persons shall be admitted into the pit, and those who have no winter ticket (*carte d'assurance*) shall be turned out. Whoever stands up in the pit shall be arrested, and pay five scudi,

*Whoever puts on his hat shall be immediately turned out. If the contractor acts in the smallest particular contrary to the present ordinance, he shall pay a fine of fifty scudi. An actor who allows himself any indecent gesture, or uses an expression that is not in the prompter's book, shall be sent for five years to the galley. No passage shall be repeated. Whoever disputes in the theatre with an agent of the authorities, shall be turned out. Whoever strikes a blow in the theatre, without weapons, shall be sent to the galley for ten years. Whoever appears in the theatre with a weapon of any kind, shall be sentenced to the galley for life; or, if he has inflicted a wound with it, to death. All expressions of disapprobation, as well as of enthusiastic applause, are forbidden, on pain of imprisonment, for not less than two, or more than six months. All workmen, who do not immediately obey the orders given them, or oppose the officers, are to be arrested; and, on the evidence of a soldier and of another witness, sentenced to six months' imprisonment.*

It is evident that the Pope has a very pretty notion of theatricals. I should almost be induced to go to the play in Rome; if anything could tempt me to a theatre, it would be so well regulated a house. To be sure, his holiness has borrowed the idea of his rules from the *Morning Post* article in the *Rejected Addresses*, in which ragamuffins are to be stabbed to the heart for crying "nosey," and artillery are to play on the audience when they cough and sneeze; but what of that, as *Gay's monkeys* say,

While good example they pursue  
We must allow some praise is due.

That article of five years in the galley, for any actor allowing himself indecent gestures, or *gag*, as the impromptu impudence of the actor is called here, in the pestilent slang of the stage, is beautiful.

The canon against applause is hardly severe enough: to my mind the penalty should have been death, at least. I have lost the hearing of one of my ears, from one unlucky night sitting next a *Yahoo*, who applauded everything, down to the servants who set chairs and delivered letters and messages. To people, on the other hand, who have any recollection of *Covent-Garden*, the penalty for hissing seems too severe. I do not know how it may tell in Rome, but in London, at the *Patent Houses*, the punishment for putting on a hat would be in the nature of a premium. Being turned out is no such bad thing. The last time I had the mis-

fortune of going to the play, was on escort duty, about five years ago, and I cannot say what I would not have given to have been handsomely turned out of the house.—*Ibid.*

### THE MENAI BRIDGE

Is a most stupendous piece of work, and nothing but a sight of it can convey anything like an idea of its magnificence to the mind. Every representation of it, as a drawing, cannot fail to be paltry. It sets drawing at defiance! The country round is bleak in the extreme, nor are there any features in the landscape to render it at all picturesque. It is nothing but the bridge itself; but that is everything! It is a creation in the clouds, and appears to be above the power of mortals either to erect or control; it almost forms part of the creation! It is not so picturesque as the bridge at Conway, for that is connected with the castle and a very fine landscape; but one is the work of pygmies, and the other the creation of giants. At the first view that is obtained of Menai Bridge, on the road from Bangor, one pier only is visible: it then looks as if a giant had passed by, and carelessly dropped a silken thread over a rocky fragment; but when you closely examine it, its massy abutments and ponderous chains, the globe itself appears too weak and frail to support the burden! In this part of the country, the features of nature are all great; it seems as if nature was sporting with mankind, and showing her superiority. All the exertions of man are small and insignificant, whilst nature luxuriates in her creations, without law or bounds. But Telford has almost entered into a competition with nature.—What, though mountain is piled on mountain;—what, though the sea roars in unrestrained fury at their bases; what, though the mountains and the sea are exposed to all the thundering of the lawless winds;—yes has Telford set them all at defiance! He has chained mountain to mountain, by a bridge hung in the clouds. Though the storms roll above it, and the sea roars beneath it, it stands firm, in unmoved magnificence, defying their united powers, and there it appears likely to remain, until that time when 'the foundations of the earth shall be shaken!—*Literary Chronicle*.

### DEATH.

A SLEEP without dreams, after a rough day  
Of toil, is what we covet most; and yet  
How clay shrinks back from more quiescent  
clay.

By a Poet.

## The Novelist.

No. LXXXIV.

ONAGH ; OR, LOVE AND  
REVENGE.

[THE following striking picture of the force of affection in one female, and steadiness of purpose in avenging a wrong by another, is extracted from the *Boyne Water*, a Tale of the O'Hara Family, by the author of "Crohoore of the Bill Hook," and "John Doe." Among the writers of works of fiction of the present day, this author is second only to Sir Walter Scott; and in the tales we have mentioned, there are scenes equal to anything in the best of the Waverley Novels. The *Boyne Water*, of which we shall give an analysis in an early Number, is an historical novel, relating, as its title indicates, to the period when James II. was hurled from the throne, and himself and his adherents routed at the battle of the Boyne. The story is deeply interesting, and many of the scenes are spirited and highly wrought, particularly the battle, the siege of Londonderry, &c.; but the episode we now introduce will say more for the author's talents than any observations we can make in praise of this excellent tale.

—ED.]

"Now let me ask you one question," said Eva, (one of the heroines of the tale of the *Boyne Water*) advancing to Onagh and Moya—"let me demand what could have been the cause of the wicked and cruel practices which have so long brought misery on us all—tell me, poor maiden, what could have set you on?"

"Tell me what has brought you over me an' land to get one fond glance from his eye, one kiss from his mouth!" answered Moya, fiercely—her impetuous nature aroused into madness, notwithstanding her late penitence, at sight of the true love she had so often tried to cross—"he was my heart's wish—I doated on the villain Sassenach—an' sowil an' body, here, an' to come, I'd have laid down—as more than once I ventured life—to make him love poor Moya."

"For life, indeed, I have twice been Moya's debtor," said Evelyn to Eva,—and never shall forget it, however selfish I might have been—"

"Yes, grand colleen," continued Moya, "fur him I done more—dared more—than you ever did—than you ever can do; fur him I gave up kith an' kin—cause an' country—kind words fur the voices o' strangers—my woman's mantle fur a man's battle coat. I watched him—followed him—I laid me head on the could

earth at his feet—look here!" tearing open her bosom, upon which was the mark of a scar she had received at the Strip of Burne—"the pike that entered here was aimed at his heart—an' now—an' now he laves me alone fur ever—cad mille curses!" clasping her hands and looking up—"may all—bud no," suddenly changed by one of the gusts of better feeling that alternated with her uncurbed passions and unprincipled habits—"no, grand colleen, Moya will never pray a curse on his head—nor on yours since he loves and likes you, she has no right; 'twas all a wild dhramhe she was in, an' may be, as we say, a wicked one; you deserve the Sassenach dhass, an' she does not; she, the poor Rapparee's child, that hasn't a home or a country, even in the country they call their own; an' so love him, an' keep by his side; bud only love him as well as Moya Laherty—be as willing to do as much for him—to give up all—to see the heart's blood run loose fur him—to die contented for him—love him that a-way, an' Moya will thry to pray good instead of bad, for you the last black day that she lives—God be wi you."

She turned down the steps.

"Truly," said Eva, recovering from much astonishment, "my poor rival but tells me my duty, Evelyn; and her faults, and the pain she has given us, must be forgotten now; but I have one other explanation to seek. Onagh, look upon me—I am not ignorant of the late good services you have done me and mine; but I cannot forget your former unprovoked hostility; nay, its recollection only makes an unaccountable as itself the late kindness. You owe me a faithful account of the reasons that urged you to cross the happiness of my brother. Give it faithfully and plainly, for I am told you can now speak more plainly than you used to do."

"I can, Eva M'Donnell; but you ask me for reasons;—and reasons I cannot give; as well may you ask the sea why it crushes the ribs of the strong ship against the rock; or the wind why it tears up the stately tree; or the fire why it burns; or the water why it drowns. My mind was then without a reason for anything, most of all for that, it dashed like the sea, roared like the wind, burned, burned, like the fire, all with that upon it. Why I have brought sorrow to you, I don't know; or if I told you how I thought I had a right to do it, you would not know my meaning; I do not know it myself, now, in the calm hours that are restored to me. Yet, listen to all I can tell.

" You had a brother Donald, comely as the day, light of heart as the breeze; but as false too. He came to this southern country in his youth, to take care of some grounds belonging to your family. He was formed to make women love him, and to make all that loved him rue it sorely. From the highest to the lowest, among those equal to him, and below him, he smiled, and had smiles in return. With the rest, he courted young Grace Nowlan—you heard of her?"

" I did," answered Eva; " I heard she was the handsomest maiden in her country, of his own rank in life; and Donald's father was glad when it was thought he would wed her."

" Well. Grace Nowlan loved him better than her own life—better than her own honour; and the hour of her shame drew on; and she came weeping to Donald M'Donnell, to ask him to do her justice, but he only laughed, kissed her, and left her. Grace had brothers. They suspected her state; they gathered round her, and asked her with terrible threats, to tell them the truth; and she was obliged to confess all. They went away, whispering together. In a little time, she was a mother; and soon after she received a message from Donald, inviting her to give him another sinful meeting. Her brothers came and told her they knew of the message, and commanded her to comply with it so far as to make the signal at Donald's window, and meet him as he came out. She feared in her heart to do as they bid her; but they frightened her into it. So she went; alone, as she thought.

" That night, light-hearted Donald M'Donnell had a brave company of youngsters, like himself, drinking and singing in his house. In the middle of the night, Grace's signal was heard by him and them, at the window. It was the throwing of three pebbles at the glass. He said he should leave them for a space; they laughed and bantered him; bidding him go, and that they would stay to drink him success."

" He went down stairs, they heard him open and shut the door. They drank bumper to his success, as they said they would. They waited an hour, or so, patiently for his return. Then another, and another, till the dawn of the winter's morning; but no Donald M'Donnell came back to them."

" Now has ever since been heard of," said Eva: " from that hour, my poor brother was lost to us."

" From that hour," resumed Onagh. " Did ye never hear tell of any little

things afterwards, that might give ye a guess as to his luck?"

" Never," answered Eva; " although every possible inquiry and search were made in the country."

" But I did," continued Onagh. " In a little time, some people began to whisper that a great clamp of turf had been seen blazing, the same night in a black bog near his house; and when the curious neighbours went to scrape among the ashes of the turf, do you know, they found two buttons of a man's coat, half melted away—but that was all."

" Woman!" cried Eva, " what horrid thing would you insinuate?—Who are you?"

" Woman, you!" retorted Onagh, bursting, in returning insanity, from her calm, " what right have you to speak of it! But I—I—didn't I see it all? When he met me at the window, and walked me, a field or two away—when my dark brothers came up to us, one carrying the child in his arms, and asked him to do it and their sister justice—when I went on my knees, begging the same thing, for now I feared the worst; when he answered, that, though they came for his life, still would he sooner die than wed—what think you he answered? in cruelty and hardness of heart what think you? than wed—these were Donald M'Donnell's words!—than wed his own strumpet—the mother of his base bastard!—When all this was done and spoken, didn't I first see them trample him down, till the sense left him—and then tie him and his and my child together—and when the clamp was roaring, pitch them like a fagot into it? And didn't they tie me, too, to the stake, near it, and leave me alone by the great blaze, while over all its roaring, I heard the little cries of my child—the hissing of flesh, and the crackling of bones, until my hoarse shrieks died away in mute madness and hell—real and eternal hell was round me, and I thought it was my doom and punishment to see, and hear, and suffer, without a tear or groan? What know I of the rest? of all that followed, until the madness sent me, alone and by stealth, to the north, and made me believe I was bid to cross, to my life's ending, the first love of any brother of his blood, whose hard heartedness had withered up my heart, like the blasted meadow of ripe corn, when the reapers come down to cut the standing crop, but find it already low? Reasons! I give you none! I have none to give; but often, when, in terrible shapes came the biddings of unnatural revenge—when I started from my lone bed—a knife in my hand—to seek my

dark brothers—often I thought a good and great voice plainly whispered me to a better and less sinful one—whispered me to save, from the blight that came over me through the M'Donnell's false blood, whatever maiden any brother of their house might try to undo—to save her, even by her life's death, from her honour's death. And along with such whispers was a promise of gifts, above mere human gifts and power, to guide me in my course, and lead me to my end—the gift to foresee, and foretell, and prevent; and had I not the gift and the power, proud Eva M'Donnell? Did I not foresee and foretell? Did I not—but hush, hush—let me not go on in this boasting, or these notions now! There is a good God, who will give me rest and quiet, and a clearer view of the past; forgive me, Eva; forgive me, and pray for my peace, and the soul of your eldest brother."

### The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton*.

A PROVINCIAL paper once stated, that the grains of wheat were so large that year, that they choked the little birds that attempted to swallow them!

THE following friendly notification may be met with on the Mile-End-road:—  
"All persons who attempt to enter these premises after dark will be shot!"

### SINGULAR SUICIDE.

In the year 1600, on the 10th of April, one William Dourington threw himself from the top of St. Sepulchre's Church, having previously left on the roof a paper, of which the following is a copy:—  
"Let no other man be troubled for that which is my own act. John Buncley and his fellows, by perjury and other bad means, have brought me to this end, God forgive it them, and I do. And, O Lord! forgive me this cruel act upon my own body, which I utterly detest, and most humbly pray him to cast it behind him; and that of his most exceeding and infinite mercy he will forgive it me, with all my other sins. But surely, after they had thus slandered me, every day that I lived was to me a hundred deaths, which caused me rather to choose to die with infamy, than to live in infamy and torment."

At the bottom of the paper was written—  
"O summa Deitas, quæ collis et su-

peris, inferis, hister superis, reis dom-  
veniam."

"Trusting in the only passion and  
merits of Jesus Christ, and confessing my  
exceeding great sins, I say, Master, have  
mercy on me!"

This paper was folded up in the form  
of a letter, and endorsed—

"Oh, let me live, and I will call upon  
thy name!"

### PIGRAM.

BY SIR THOMAS MORE.

"A STUDENT at his boke so plast,  
That welch he might have worn,  
From boke to wife did stale in hast;  
From welch to wo to run.

Now who hath plaid a feaster cast,  
Since juggling first begann?  
In knitting of himself so fast,  
Himself he hath undone."

The above I have attempted to trans-  
literate thus:—

A STUDENT wedded to his book,  
When wealth he might have won,  
He left his book, a wife he took,  
From wealth to woe he run.

Now, who a nester dic ere cast,  
Since juggling first begun?  
In tying of himself so fast,  
Himself he has undone.

J. M.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are much indebted to a correspondent for "A Narrative of the Death and Funeral of Napoleon Bonaparte, written by an Officer that quartered at St. Helena." As this narrative is highly interesting, and has not been published, we shall insert it in our next.

The description of the *London Gymnasium* is an early Number, but we fear we could not give an engraving from the sketch sent us.

J. B.—s is received. Several articles sent by him are intended for insertion.

We thank H. S.; he shall have a place; the article promised will be acceptable.

The two letters of W. J. are very interesting, particularly that on *Wakefield*, which is extremely curious; but they are not exactly of the class to suit a work purely literary.

If our sweet-tempered correspondent will turn to the article from *Blackwood* to which he alludes, he will see that it does refer to married men.

The WATERING-PLACES shall be resumed in our next. Communications on this subject by residents and visitors will be acceptable.

Answers to numerous correspondents in our next

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD,  
243, Strand (near Somerset House), and sold by  
all News-men and Booksellers.